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# The Brother



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## Chapter 1 by Wilbur

His hands are shaking.

He observes his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He's trying to stay calm. His expression is serious. His jaw clenched, eyes hard. But his hands won't stop shaking.

What has he done?

He says this to himself over and over. What has he done?

"What have I done?"

He looks away from his reflection to his hands.

He shouldn't have done that. They're still shaking.

Blood covers his fingers, his palms, his wrists. A little is drying on his elbow.

His hands are shaking.

He cracks.

His whole body begins to shake. Tears begin to flow from his face. He hunches over the sink and little spots of blood mix with his tears as they trickle to the plug hole. He begins to sob over the sink, his elbows rest on the edge and his head hangs. He stands like this for a few moments. His body still shaking, still crying, blood drying.

"What have I done?"

Just a whisper. Another 26 seconds.

He stops. He looks up at his reflection again. His hair is dark, not quite black, but a deep enough brown its easily confused. His eyebrows, thick, same colour. His eyes a pale blue, though reddening a little, and puffy from crying. His nose thin, long, wet with tears. Full lips, and a strong jaw. He focuses on these features and finally his hands stop shaking. He stands straight.

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"What have I done?" He asks himself again. "I'm not sure I've killed you, but I've certainly tried."

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